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ABSTRACT

Intended for students taking the English 33 Grade 12 Diploma Examinations in Alberta, Canada, this test (to be administered along with a questions booklet) contains the reading selections portion of Part B, the reading component of the June 1988 tests. The following short selections taken from fiction, nonfiction, poetry, drama, and day-to-day functional materials are included: (1) "The Turtle" (George Vukelich); (2) an excerpt from "Jane Eyre" (Charlotte Bronte); (3) "Ranch Wife" (James M. Moir); (4) an excerpt from "By Any Other Name" (Santha Rama Rau); (5) several related materials which the student is required to evaluate, including a personal letter, a collection of cartoons, a college brochure, and a magazine review of computers; (6) a student's composition in first draft form; (7) "Advice to an Interplanetary Visitor" (Bruce Dawe); (8) an excerpt from "Ronnie So Long at the Fair" (Merna Summers); and (9) "Ceintures S.V.P." (Mervyn J. Huston). Duration of the examination is 2 hours. (MM)

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GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination has 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and nine reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JUNE 1988

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

I. Read "The Turtle" and answer questions 1 to 9 from your Questions Booklet.

THE TURTLE

They were driving up to fish the White Creek for German Browns and the false dawn was purpling the Wisconsin countryside when they spotted the huge humpbacked object in the middle of the sandroad and Jimmy coasted the station wagon to a stop.

"Pa," he said. "Turtle. Lousy snapper."

Old Tony sat up.

"Is he dead?"

"Not yet," Jimmy said. "Not yet he isn't." He shifted into neutral and pulled the handbrake. The snapper lay large and darkgreen in the headlight beams, and they got out and went around to look at it closely. The turtle moved a little and left razorlike clawmarks in the wet sand, and it waited.

"Probably heading for the creek," Jimmy said. "They kill trout like crazy."

They stood staring down.

"I'd run the wagon over him," Jimmy said. "Only he's too big."

He looked around and walked to the ditchway, and came back with a long finger-thick pine branch. He jabbed it into the turtle's face and the snakehead lashed out and struck like springsteel and the branch snapped like a stick of macaroni, and it all happened fast as a matchflare.

"Looka that!" Tony whistled.

"You bet, Pa. I bet he goes sixty pounds. Seventy maybe."

The turtle was darting its head around now in long stretching movements.

"I think he got some branch stuck in his craw," Jimmy said. He got out a cigarette and lighted it, and flipped the match at the rockgreen shell.

"I wish now I'd brought the twenty-two," he said. "The pistol."

"You going to kill him?"

"Why not?" Jimmy asked. "They kill trout, don't they?"

They stood there smoking and not talking, and looking down at the unmoving shell.

"I could use the lug wrench on him," Jimmy said. "Only I don't think it's long enough. I don't want my hands near him."

Tony didn't say anything.

"You watch him," Jimmy said. "I'll go find something in the wagon."

Slowly Tony squatted down onto his haunches and smoked and stared at the turtle. Poor Old One, he thought. You had the misfortune to be caught in the middle of a sandroad, and you are very vulnerable on the sandroads, and now you are going to get the holy life beaten out of you.

The turtle stopped its stretching movements and was still. Tony looked at the full webbed feet and the nail claws and he knew the truth.

"It would be different in the water, turtle," he said. "In the water you could cut down anybody."

He thought about this snapper in the water and how it would move like a

Continued

torpedo and bring down trout, and nobody would monkey with it in the water — and here it was in the middle of a sandroad, vulnerable as a baby and waiting.

He finished his cigarette and field-stripped[1] it, and got to his feet and walked to the wagon and reached into the glove compartment for the thermos of coffee. What was he getting all worked up about a turtle for? He was an old man and he was acting like a kid, and they were going up to the White for German Browns, and he was getting worked up about a turtle in the middle of a sandroad. He walked back to the turtle and hunched down and sipped at the strong black coffee and watched the old snapper watching him.

Jimmy came up to him holding the bumper jack.

"I want to play it safe," he said. "I don't think the lug wrench is long enough." He squatted beside Tony. "What do you think?"

"He waits," Tony said. "What difference what I think?"

Jimmy squinted at him.

"I can tell something's eating you. What are you thinking, Pa?"

"I am thinking this is not a brave thing."

"What?"

"This turtle — he does not have a chance."

Jimmy lit a cigarette and hefted the bumper jack. The turtle moved ever so slightly.

"You talk like an old woman. An old tired woman."

"I can understand this turtle's position."

"He doesn't have a chance?"

"That's right."

"And that bothers you?"

Tony looked into Jimmy's face.

"That is right," he said. "That bothers me."

"Well of all the dumb stupid things," Jimmy said. "What do you want me to do? Get down on all fours and fight with him?"

"No," Tony said. "Not on all fours. Not on all fours." He looked at Jimmy. "In the water. Fight this turtle in the water. That would be a brave thing, my son."

Jimmy put down the bumper jack and reached for the thermos jug and didn't say anything. He drank his coffee and smoked his cigarette, and he stared at the turtle and didn't say anything.

"You're crazy," he said finally.

"It is a thought, my son. A thought. This helpless plodding old one like a little baby in this sandroad, eh? But in the water, his home . . . ." Tony snapped his fingers with the suddenness of a switch blade. "In the water he could cut down anyone, anything . . . any man. Fight him in the water, Jimmy. Use your bumper jack in the water . . . ."

"I think you're nuts," Jimmy said. "I think you're honest to goodness nuts."

Tony shrugged. "This does not seem fair for you, eh? To be in the water with this one." He motioned at the turtle. "This seems nuts to you. Crazy to you. Because in the water he could cripple you. Drown you. Because in the water you are not a match."

"What are you trying to prove, Pa?"

"Jimmy. This turtle is putting up his life. In the road here you are putting

Continued

[1] field-stripped — made safe for disposal

up nothing. You have nothing to lose at all. Not a finger or a hand or your life. Nothing. You smash him with a long steel bumper jack and he cannot get to you. He has as much chance as a ripe watermelon."

"So?"

"So I want you to put up something also. You should have something to lose or it is no match."

Jimmy looked at the old man and then at the turtle.

"Any fool can smash a watermelon," Tony said. "It does not take a brave man."

"Pa. It's only a turtle. You're making a federal case."

Old Tony looked at his son. "All right," he said. "Finish your coffee now and do what you are going to do. I say nothing more. Only for the next five minutes put yourself into this turtle's place. Put yourself into his shell and watch through his eyes. And try to think what he is thinking when he sees a coward coming to kill him with a long steel bumper jack."

Jimmy got to his feet and ground out his cigarette.

"All right, Pa," he said. "All right. You win."

Tony rose slowly from his crouch.

"No," he said. "Not me. You. You win."

"But Pa, they do kill trout."

"So," Tony said. "They kill trout. Nature put them here, and they kill trout. To survive. The trout are not extinct, eh? We kill trout also, we men. To survive? No, for sport. This old one, he takes what he needs. I do not kill him for being in nature's plan. I do not play God."

Jimmy walked to the rear of the wagon then and flung down the bumper jack and closed up the door and came back.

"Pa," he said. "Honest to goodness you got the nuttiest ideas I ever heard."

Old Tony walked around behind the snapper and gently prodded it with his boot toe, and the turtle went waddling forward across the road and toppled over the sand shoulder and disappeared in the brushy growth of the creek bank. Tony and his son climbed into the wagon and sat looking at each other. The sun was coming up strong now and the sky was cracking open like a shell and spilling reds and golds and blues, and Jimmy started the engine.

Tony put the thermos away and got out his cigarettes and stuck one in his son's mouth.

"So?" he said.

They sat smoking for a full minute watching each other, and then Jimmy released the emergency and they rolled slowly along the drying sandroad and down past the huge cleansing dawn coming, and the pine forests growing tall in the rising mists, and the quickly quiet waters of the eternal creek.

George Vukelich

II. Read the excerpt from *Jane Eyre* and answer questions 10 to 23 from your Questions Booklet.

from JANE EYRE

The setting is Lowood Institution, a charity boarding school in 19th-century England. Jane, an orphan, is in the gloomy library-study seated on a high stool where she has been sent for punishment by the Director, MR. BROCKLEHURST. *She is crying.* HELEN *comes in quietly.*

JANE (*Gruffly*): What do you want?

HELEN: I have something for you. (JANE *ignores her.* HELEN *puts the small package on the table near* JANE.) It's something to eat.

JANE: How can I eat? I want to die.

HELEN: It's a muffin. With raisins.

JANE: With raisins?

HELEN: Miss Temple put it aside for you.

JANE: Miss Temple did? Why?

HELEN: She knew you would be hungry. You've missed lunch. (JANE *unwraps muffin, eats it ravenously.* HELEN *turns away, picks up book and begins to look at it.*)

JANE: Are you being punished?

HELEN: Not now. (*Silence*) If you're feeling better, would you like to come to sewing class with me?

JANE: No, I'll never go to any class in this school again. (*Silence*) If you're not being punished, why are you here?

HELEN (*Shrugs her shoulders. A few minutes of silence*): Do you want me to go?

JANE: No. (*Silence again,* HELEN *looking at book*) You must want to get away from here, too.

HELEN: No, why should I? I was sent to Lowood to get an education. It would be silly to leave before that.

JANE: But . . . I saw your punishment this morning. That teacher, Miss Scatcherd, is so cruel to you.

HELEN: She's not cruel. She dislikes my faults.

JANE: If I were in your place, I should hate her. I should resist her. If she struck me with that rod, I should get it from her hand; I would break it under her nose.

HELEN: I don't think you would.

JANE: But the worst part, making you stand in the middle of the classroom with everyone staring at you. How could you bear it so quietly? If I were in your place, it seems to me I would have wished the earth to open and swallow me up. But you looked as if you were thinking of something beyond the punishment, or something not near you. Were you daydreaming?

HELEN: I was thinking of Northumberland, and I thought that the noises I heard around me were the bubbling of a little brook which runs through Deepden, near our house. It happens to me so often. My mind wanders. I lose the sound of Miss Scatcherd's voice during lessons. I fall into a sort of dream. Then, when it comes to my turn to answer, I have no answer ready. It happened on Monday before you came. That afternoon, instead of dreaming

Continued

of Deepden, I was wondering how a man who wished to do right could act so unjustly and unwisely as Charles the First[1] sometimes did, and I thought what a pity it was with his wisdom, he had so little foresight. If he had been able to look ahead and understand the spirit of the age. Still, I like Charles — I respect him. I pity him, poor murdered king! (*Silence as* HELEN *is carried away with her thoughts again*)

JANE: But it still isn't right for you to be punished in front of everybody. It's disgraceful. I couldn't bear it.

HELEN: Yet it would be your duty to bear it, if you couldn't avoid it. It's silly to say you cannot bear what you have to. (JANE *considers this with wonder.*)

JANE: You say you have faults, Helen. What are they?

HELEN: Miss Scatcherd says I'm sloppy. I seldom keep my things in order. I'm careless, I forget rules, I read when I should be learning my lessons, I have no method, and sometimes, I say, like you, I cannot bear something. This is all very provoking to Miss Scatcherd who is naturally neat, punctual and particular.

JANE: And cross and cruel. (*Silence*) Is Miss Temple as severe as Miss Scatcherd?

HELEN: Oh no, Miss Temple is so good, it hurts her to be severe to anyone, even the worst in the school. When she sees my errors, she tells me gently. When she teaches me, my thoughts never wander.

JANE: Then with Miss Temple, you are always good?

HELEN: Yes, in a passive way, I don't even have to try. There really is no merit in such goodness.

JANE: Oh yes, there is. You're good to those who are good to you. It's all I ever want to be. If people were always kind and obedient to those who are cruel and unjust, the wicked people would have it all their own way, they would never feel afraid, and so they would never change, but would grow worse and worse. When we are struck at without a reason, we should strike back again very hard. I'm sure we should . . . so hard as to teach the person who struck us never to do it again.

HELEN: You'll change your mind.

JANE: But this is the way I feel. I hate those who hate me. I must resist those who are unfair. It's natural that I should love those who are kind.

HELEN: According to my history book, heathens and savage tribes feel that way. That isn't Christian or civilized.

JANE: Why? I don't understand.

HELEN: It's not violence that will overcome hate. And it's not vengeance.

JANE: What then?

HELEN (*Slowly*): I think the answer must simply be love.

JANE: Then I should love Mr. Brocklehurst. How can I? I hate him! I should love Mrs. Reed and John but I just can't. I never could. I'll hate them until I die!

HELEN (*Softly*): Who are Mrs. Reed and John?

JANE: Mrs. Reed is my uncle's wife. My uncle is dead, and he left me to her care. She had to adopt me but she was sorry to have to do it, but my uncle, as I have often heard the servants say, got her to promise before he died,

Continued

[1] Charles the First (1625-1649) — English King beheaded for disobeying Parliament

that she would always keep me. But she has always hated me. She let John bully me and when I hit him back, she would lock me in that awful room upstairs. She always told me I was worse than the servants, because the servants at least worked for their living. And no matter what I did, it was wrong, even when I tried. And I did try, Helen, I did try, honest! (*Close to tears*) (HELEN *begins to cough.*) Are you all right? (HELEN *continues coughing.*) Let me get you a drink of water. (*Runs out, comes in with a small cup of water.* HELEN *drinks it.*)

HELEN: Thank you very much. I feel much better now, really. (JANE *sits again, quiet, thinking.*)

HELEN: Now, I must get to that sewing class.

JANE: I'll come with you.

(*Both girls exit.*)

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Charlotte Bronte
adapted by *Lorraine Cohen*

III. Read "Ranch Wife" and answer questions 24 to 28 from your Questions Booklet.

RANCH WIFE

All day she has followed
the solitary road
of her work and her thoughts
and now in the early evening
she opens the door
and looks out to the west
where a low sun touches grass tops
on the far side of the valley.
In the distance, a rider
moves across tawny fields.
A saddle horse, alone in the pasture,
flings up his head
and sends out a wild whinny
across the hills
as he sees loaded hay wagons
coming toward home.
A crow flaps heavily away
and there is a feeling in the air
that summer is fading
and change is near.
The woman's eyes brood.
She dreams of an English past;
she dreads the long winter
which shall imprison her.
The veery,[1] that lost spirit,
calls from the trees.
Night, like a great river,
flows through the hills.

James M. Moir

[1] veery — a songbird

IV. Read the excerpt from "By Any Other Name" and answer questions 29 to 37 from your Questions Booklet.

from BY ANY OTHER NAME

At the Anglo-Indian day school in Zorinabad, India, to which my sister and I were sent when she was eight and I was five and a half, they changed our names. On the first day of school, a hot, windless morning of a north Indian September, we stood in the headmistress's study and she said, "Now you're the *new* girls. What are your names?"

My sister answered for us. "I am Premila, and she" — nodding in my direction — "is Santha."

The headmistress had been in India, I suppose, fifteen years or so, but she still smiled her helpless inability to cope with Indian names. Her rimless half-glasses glittered, and the precarious bun on top of her head trembled as she shook her head. "Oh, my dears, those are much too hard for me. Suppose we give you pretty English names. Wouldn't that be more jolly? Let's see, now — Pamela for you, I think." She shrugged in a baffled way at my sister. "That's as close as I can get. And for *you*," she said to me, "how about Cynthia? Isn't that nice?"

My sister was always less easily intimidated than I was, and while she kept a stubborn silence, I said, "Thank you," in a very tiny voice.

Up to then, my mother had refused to send Premila to school in the British-run establishments of that time, because, she used to say, "you can bury a dog's tail for seven years and it still comes out curly, and you can take a Britisher away from his home for a lifetime, and he still remains insular." The examinations and degrees from entirely Indian schools were not, in those days, considered valid. In my case, the question had never come up, and probably never would have come up if Mother's extraordinary good health had not broken down. For the first time in my life, she was not able to continue the lessons she had been giving us every morning. So our Hindi books were put away, the stories of the Lord Krishna as a little boy were left in mid-air, and we were sent to the Anglo-Indian school.

That first day at school is still, when I think of it, a remarkable one. At that age, if one's name is changed, one develops a curious form of dual personality. I remember having a certain detached and disbelieving concern in the actions of "Cynthia," but certainly no responsibility. Accordingly, I followed the thin, erect back of the headmistress down the veranda to my classroom feeling, at most, a passing interest in what was going to happen to me in this strange, new atmosphere of School.

I can't remember too much about the proceedings in class that day, except for the beginning. The teacher pointed to me and asked me to stand up. "Now, dear, tell the class your name."

I said nothing.

"Come along," she said frowning slightly. "What's your name, dear?"

"I don't know," I said, finally.

The English children in the front of the class — there were about eight or ten of them — giggled and twisted around in their chairs to look at me. I sat down quickly and opened my eyes very wide, hoping in that way to dry them

Continued

off. A little Indian girl with braids put out her hand and very lightly touched my arm. She didn't smile.

It was a week later, the day of Premila's first test, that our lives changed rather abruptly. I was sitting at the back of my class, in my usual inattentive way, only half listening to the teacher. I had started a rather guarded friendship with the girl with the braids, whose name turned out to be Nalini (Nancy, in school). The three other Indian children were already fast friends. Even at that age it was apparent to all of us that friendship with the English or Anglo-Indian children was out of the question. Occasionally, during the class, my new friend and I would draw pictures and show them to each other secretly.

The door opened sharply and Premila marched in. At first, the teacher smiled at her in a kindly and encouraging way and said, "Now, you're little Cynthia's sister?"

Premila didn't even look at her. She stood with her feet planted firmly apart and her shoulders rigid, and addressed herself directly to me. "Get up," she said. "We're going home."

I didn't know what had happened, but I was aware that it was a crisis of some sort. I rose obediently and started to walk toward my sister.

"Bring your pencils and your notebook," she said.

I went back for them, and together we left the room. The teacher started to say something just as Premila closed the door, but we didn't wait to hear what it was.

In complete silence we left the school grounds and started to walk home. Then I asked Premila what the matter was. All she would say was "We're going home for good."

It was a very tiring walk for a child of five and a half, and I dragged along behind Premila with my pencils growing sticky in my hand. I can still remember looking at the dusty hedges, and the tangles of thorns in the ditches by the side of the road, smelling the faint fragrance from the eucalyptus trees and wondering whether we would ever reach home. Occasionally a horse-drawn tonga[1] passed us, and the women, in their pink or green silks, stared at Premila and me trudging along on the side of the road. A few coolies and a line of women carrying baskets of vegetables on their heads smiled at us. But it was nearing the hottest time of day, and the road was almost deserted. I walked more and more slowly, and shouted to Premila, from time to time, "Wait for me!" with increasing peevishness. She spoke to me only once, and that was to tell me to carry my notebook on my head, because of the sun.

When we got to our house the ayah[2] was just taking a tray of lunch into Mother's room. She immediately started a long, worried questioning about what are you children doing back here at this hour of the day.

Mother looked very startled and very concerned, and asked Premila what had happened.

Premila said, "We had our test today, and she made me and the other Indians sit at the back of the room, with a desk between each one."

Mother said, "Why was that, darling?"

"She said it was because Indians cheat," Premila added. "So I don't think

Continued

[1] tonga — a two-wheeled cart
[2] ayah — nurse or maidservant

we should go back to that school."

Mother looked very distant, and was silent a long time. At last she said, "Of course not, darling." She sounded displeased.

We all shared the curry she was having for lunch, and afterward I was sent off to the beautifully familiar bedroom for my siesta. I could hear Mother and Premila talking through the open door.

Mother said, "Do you suppose she understood all that?"

Premila said, "I shouldn't think so. She's a baby."

Mother said, "Well, I hope it won't bother her."

Of course, they were both wrong. I understood it perfectly, and I remember it all very clearly. But I put it happily away, because it had all happened to a girl called Cynthia, and I never was really particularly interested in her.

Santha Rama Rau

V. Read the following material about Robin's career plans and answer questions 38 to 45 from your Questions Booklet.

Robin wants to prepare himself for a career in computer technology. In consideration of his needs and choices, he has collected the following items:

U. A letter from a friend who is interested in computers
V. A collection of cartoons from his friend
W. A brochure from the Cromwell Community College
X. A list of Alpha Computer Institute courses
Y. Feature articles in *Computer Consumer TIPS*
Z. A computer review from *Today's Consumer*

U. A letter from a friend who is interested in computers

7 George Street
Ottawa, Ontario
F3H 2Z4

June 23, 1988

Dear Robin,

I was really excited to hear of your plans for going into computers. (I hope you don't get as far into them as the people in the cartoons I'm sending you!)

You're definitely right to go the tough route too, getting certified credit courses and a complete training that you can use when you get to the top. But how are you going to handle doing your Math 33 and English 33 plus beginning your computer courses while you're working all day? Man, that would be pretty heavy-duty!

I'll bet you'll be spending some long hours with the computer. When do you plan to get a computer of your own? You can trade off your TV towards the cost maybe.

There's a neat editorial in the last issue of WHAT'S NEW that talks about what a computer is and what it isn't -- I'm telling you, it's easy to get confused and start thinking of it as an independent superman with a mind of its own. I feel pretty dumb about getting a computer last year and now hardly touching it. Maybe you'll get me interested again and someday we can communicate by computer instead of twice a year by mail! I've got loads of news and ideas I'd like to exchange with you if it didn't take six months for an answer!

Let me know how you're going to organize yourself, and good luck!

Tim

Continued

- V. A collection of cartoons from his friend

WILL THIS BE A HAPPY RELATIONSHIP?!
AGNES!! MAKE UP YOUR MIND! IT'S EITHER HIM OR ME!
WELL, AFTER SIX MONTHS, THE COMPUTER BEGAN TO BORE ME...
HAROLD IS REALLY INTO COMPUTERS!!

Continued

W. A brochure from the Cromwell Community College

HIGH SCHOOL EQUIVALENCY PROGRAM

Our adult High School Equivalency Program will enable you to GO TO HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME. We do not offer provincial credits since requirements vary from province to province. If you are looking for entry into an interesting and well-paying job, then the High School Equivalency Diploma Program is for you. It includes a review of basics and then takes you through the 6 courses required for our Diploma. You complete English, Mathematics, and Social Studies; you then choose 3 options.

Approximately 15-30 weeks.
Complete fee, including lessons, text books, instruction, and diploma is $950.

ABC COMPUTER-TAUGHT COURSES

These courses are for adults who wish to upgrade themselves, and for high school students having problems learning in the regular setting. Learn at your own speed. With ABC you pay for hours of instruction by computer. Computer courses in Mathematics, Reading, Social Studies, Science, and Writing are available from elementary to advanced levels.

Time allotted per course: 25 hours
Fee: $5.00 per hour

EXPLORE

Explore has approximately 7,000 hours of lesson material available on computer memory. Some of this material is not accessible through the regular, advertised courses that we offer, so the EXPLORE program allows you time to look through the catalogue of lessons. You will be able to read a description of any course material kept within our libraries.
Available topics include:

Aviation	Computers	French
Biology	Data Processing	Music
Chemistry	English	Physics
Mathematics		

Time allotted: 10 hours
Fee: $50.00

PRE-TECHNOLOGY

(one year program or less)

This program of academic upgrading is designed to provide students with the credits to gain entry into their chosen technology as well as the knowledge and skills to succeed. This fast-paced course is offered to those students who need credits in grades XI and XII. Instruction is in Math, Physics, English, and Microcomputing.
Fee: $340.00
Evening courses available.
See Calendar for details.

Continued

X. A list of Alpha Computer Institute courses

INTRODUCTION TO COMPUTERS BY COMPUTER
(Course #101)
History of Computers
What is a Computer?
How a Computer Works
Computer Languages for Different Jobs
Types of Jobs Computers Do Well
Peripheral Equipment
Terminology
Social Implications

Estimated time to complete: 15 hours
Fee: $75.00

INTRODUCTION TO COMPUTERS AND INFORMATION PROCESSING
(Course #301)
Credit course in a four year program.
Previous courses required: Eng. 30-33, Math 30-33. This course covers the basic concepts of computers and offers an overview of the data processing environment. Topics include the computer, development of a computer system, computers in society, and career opportunities.

48 hours Mon. & Wed.
7:00 p.m. – 8:15 p.m.
Fee: $60.00

COMPUTERS – INTRODUCTION TO PASCAL
(Course #201)

The student will be introduced to PASCAL, a high level computer language. Labs will include micro-computers. Basic familiarity with computer operations and terms a necessity.

48 hours Tues. & Thurs.
7:00 p.m. – 8:00 p.m.
Fee: $150.00

COMPUTERS – AN INTRODUCTION TO THE BASICS
(Course #401)
This non-credit course is designed as an appreciation course to develop interest and to assess aptitudes in computer technology. A significant amount of out-of-class computer work is required. The course will include a forecast of the computer in society, basic computer functions, how to write a computer program, and how to solve problems logically with the use of flowcharts.

62 hours Mon. & Wed.
6:30 p.m. – 9:30 p.m.
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Y. Feature articles in *Computer Consumer TIPS*

Computer Consumer TIPS is a semi-annual publication that examines and discusses current matters of concern for those who are interested in computer purchases. Articles in this issue include:

FEATURE ARTICLES

A Question of Needs 11
Home computers for recreational, educational, or professional uses

Special Problems of the Portable Computers 16
Convenience has its share of hassles too

Store Versus Company Guarantee 23
Know who's responsible for what

Communication Programs 27
How to enjoy long-distance communications with other computers

Buyer Beware 30
Is your computer system matched with the programs you require?

Hidden Costs 33
Accessories, instruction — What DOES the advertised price include?

Continued

Z. A computer review from *Today's Consumer*

MANUFACTURER	Comet	Comet	Diamond	Abacus
MODEL	COMET H-86	COMET 206	DIAMOND	ABACUS
FORMAT	Pocket calculator size	Portable lap top model	Keyboard	Keyboard, table computer, not too cumbersome
KEYBOARD	Complete but tiny, 8 special function keys	Equivalent to an electronic typewriter	Regular size, good quality	Good quality
SCREEN	1 row of 24 columns	8 rows of 40 columns	Requires monitor, 25 rows of 40 columns	Requires color monitor (not included) 22 rows of 22 columns
MEMORY	Very limited 4K	Limited 32K	Moderate, may be expanded 64K	Expandable 32K
ACCESSORIES	Not included	Available	Included	Included
OPERATION INSTRUCTION	One or two books, some magazines	Complete operating manual, abundant books, magazines	Beginners and programming manuals, books, magazines	Beginners and programming manuals, abundant books, magazines
COMMENTS	Replaces a calculator. A specialized tool not intended for beginners, despite its price	The most popular lap top model	Most popular home computer on the market. Available in portable format also. Oriented toward educational and professional uses	Table model, not portable
PRICE	$130 alone $210 with extras	$429	$550	$180

VI. Read the following first draft of Robin's composition on the uses and abuses of the computer for his English 33 class and answer questions 46 to 50 from your Questions Booklet.

Paragraph 1

In this age computers are a major part of our lives. It is important to consider our place in relation to them. Computers now do many things we once did. They usually do them more ~~fast~~ quickly and efficiently. They do our calculations and our banking. They send us our bills. They do routine tasks in factories. They are responsible for essential procedures in science and research. In fact, there are few areas in our lives that are not touched by computers, or that computers are not capable of touching.

Paragraph 2

In view of these considerations it is necessary that we continually check the appropriateness of ~~giving~~ delegating jobs to a computer. (~~As my Mom always says,~~ "You can't give a job that requires respect, understanding, or love to a machine. After all, a computer, though fully able to make the logical decisions about child rearing, would not make a very good mother."

charge order

Paragraph 3

Recent developments in computer science have also shown computers to be capable of performing the tasks expected of highly trained ~~people~~ professionals. Schools are using computers to teach ~~kids~~ students. Programs have been made to aid psychiatric patients (~~in mental hospitals~~) through question and answer techniques. It has even been suggested through studies such as these that the decisions of a judge, based on the evaluation of facts, could be done by a computer.

Continued

Paragraph 4

It is ~~scary~~ frightening to think that in a few years we will be depending even more on our computers, at home, at work, and elsewhere. And ~~even though~~ although in one sense we will be communicating with these machines, we will not be sharing emotions. A computer cannot feel, nor can it sense our feelings. It cannot, as another human could, determine a change in our mood simply through the tone of our voice. Computers may be our companions? but they are incapable of being our friends.

Paragraph 5

Would you trust a machine that replies "yes" when asked "Do you like me?" Now that computers are able to communicate with us in our own language ~~rather than~~ as well as in numbers ~~only~~, and now that they are so much a part of our lives, it is essential that we keep it firmly in mind that these are only marvelous machines, and We must remember that we as humans are still capable of something computers never will be -- capable of caring about other human beings.

VII. Read "advice to an interplanetary visitor" and answer questions 51 to 58 from your Questions Booklet.

ADVICE TO AN INTERPLANETARY VISITOR

When you find him,
that last citizen,
hiding wherever there is left to hide,
too timid to surface,
living on nuts or whatever was at hand
when the flash came
— be kind to him, comfort him,
break the news to him gently
that he is the *sine qua non*,[1] the ultimate reason
for everything.

Let him walk where he will,
let him reassure himself with trees, yes, and the light
walking between them, let him listen to waters
conversing like children, the rain
telling its secular[2] tears, let him
lose himself in what *was*, roaming
the city streets where wires hang
like ganglia,[3] let him touch things
and remember. Soon enough
logic may cross his brow
like an evil shadow.

When you find him
— give him your alien kindness,
stroke him with feelers of love.

Bruce Dawe

[1] *sine qua non* — essential component
[2] secular — worldly
[3] ganglia — nerve fibres

VIII. Read the excerpt from "Ronnie So Long At The Fair" and answer questions 59 to 64 from your Questions Booklet.

from RONNIE SO LONG AT THE FAIR

There was absolutely no reason to smoke that he could think of, but it seemed that he was determined to do it. He lay on his bed, his cigarette on a jam-can lid beside him, and watched the smoke rise and form a layer between bed and ceiling. He was seventeen, past the age where he ought to have done such things, and he didn't want to be a laggard at the table of life.

So he was thinking, and congratulating himself for procrastinating no longer, when he heard the voices at the back door. He leapt from his bed, he who had thought that the only way he could get up was very, very slowly, and picked up a dirty shirt and began to fan it toward the window. Before the voices he had had one problem; now he had two.

"It's not worth it," he said to himself, meaning the smoking. "I'm going to give it up."

The truth was that he was having a hard time getting it started, that smoking made him dizzy, that he had to take to his bed to do it. But he was practising, and it seemed to him that he was making progress. He might have finished this cigarette if his mother hadn't come home. He had smoked two-thirds of it already and he still had some smoking capacity left.

The voices in the kitchen reached him over the sound of his shirt flapping. His mother's voice, complacent. "We *do* get along pretty well." And Mrs. Warner's, congratulating, flattering. "I should think you do. There's a lot of mothers would envy you."

He realized that they were talking about him, registered the fact without much interest. Then his mother spoke again. "When Ronnie was just a little fellow he used to say, 'You're my best friend, Mum.' "

Hearing this, Ron felt his skin move over his body as if it were trying to dissociate itself from the rest of him. Mostly, as his mother said, they did get along pretty well . . . but he wished she would stop telling people things he had said when he was a little kid. And he wished she would stop calling him *Ronnie*.

He dribbled some Kool-Aid on top of the cigarette butt in the jam-can lid and then poured the whole mess out of the window into the petunia bed. His clothes would smell of smoke, he realized. He had to go through the kitchen to get out of the house and his mother and Mrs. Warner would smell him.

Let them smell him, he thought. He was old enough to do as he pleased. There wasn't a thing his mother could say to him.

But when he was dressed and ready to go it seemed to him that there was no point in making a big thing of it and so he made a run for it, speeding through the kitchen and calling "Sorry, I'm late" over his shoulder. Then he was outside and one problem was behind him.

What was ahead of him wasn't exactly a problem but a party . . . which amounted to the same thing, Ron thought. He was going to a party. He didn't expect very much of it. He didn't expect very much of any of the parties he went to.

Parties in Willow Bunch never seemed like *real* parties. They seemed like

Continued

poor makeshifts, like imitations of the kind of parties that people would have in other places. He wouldn't have gone to them at all if he hadn't needed the practice, and felt that the practice you got at imitation parties was better than no practice at all.

One of the things he needed practice with was girls; he didn't know how to get started with them. It seemed to him that if he could get started he would know how to carry on, but he didn't know how to get started. It was one of the things he would have liked to ask his father about, if he had had a father to ask, but his father hadn't come home from the war.

That was the way they always said it: that his father hadn't come home from the war. It was the phrase that was used for men who had been killed overseas, but his father hadn't been killed overseas. He had simply decided not to come back to Willow Bunch when the war was over.

Merna Summers

IX. Read "Ceintures S.V.P." and answer questions 65 to 70 from your Questions Booklet.

CEINTURES S.V.P.[1]

The value of seat belts in aeroplanes is purely psychological. It is pretended that they will save your life if the worst comes to the worst. This is poppycock. Aeroplane crashes, like pregnancy, are an all or nothing proposition. The only advantage of the seat belt is that it tends to keep your entrails in a tidier heap.

I don't want you to get the idea I'm just a little bit scared in aeroplanes. No sir. I'm terrified. I think it comes to me on a dominant gene through my mother's side of the family. Uncle George used to say if man was meant to fly he'd have been given wings and I think he's got something there. He said he'd go for a flight if he could keep one foot on the ground. I'm made of the same firm flab. The only way I can sweat out take-offs and landings is to do mental long division with Roman numerals. I can highly recommend it. Try dividing CDXXIV into MLIXX some time and see what it gets you.

I had always thought that parachutes were considered a good alternative to pranging into a mountain side. On my first flight I asked for one, but never got it. I have a nasty suspicion that they only carry enough for the crew. The airlines have a big investment tied up in their crews you know. Anyhow, when I asked the stewardess for my parachute she gave me a copy of *Maclean's* and a soothing pat on the head. Oh, she was a foxy one and a credit to her training program. I'm not at all reassured either, when flying over Saskatchewan, by the little sign in front of me that says there is a pair of water-wings under my seat.

The seat belts do have a gratifying psychological effect on people not as smart as I am . . . or as scared. It does give one a sense of security to be firmly anchored to something. The trouble is, what you're anchored to should be attached to something. I'm not so easily fooled as the airline companies seem to think. Sure, you're attached to the plane and that would be all right if it were lashed to a big pine tree. But it isn't. You're attached to something that is boring along at five hundred miles an hour in a milieu where you have no business being in the first place.

There are some more practical advantages to the seat belt. Fiddling with it gives you something to do when you get on a plane and are really of two minds whether or not to go; and the more lurid headlines are flashing through your head; and you wonder if your wife's next husband will treasure your collection of Guy Lombardo records. Concentration on these complicated buckles distracts you somewhat. Once you get tied down you are committed and you can't follow your natural inclination to run away and take a bus after all. Then you start wondering if the pilot has a hangover. Those engines never sound quite right on the warm-up either. But you are committed. You are belted in. Then is the time to start the old mental arithmetic.

Another advantage of the seat belts is that it enables the hostess to establish her authority early on. Once she gets that mass of humanity bolted down she is

Continued

[1] Ceintures S.V.P. — French for "Seatbelts please"

in charge. Hostesses are natural born bullies. They are chosen for this characteristic, or develop it. However, they are the iron fist in a tight-fitting bodice,[2] if I may mix me up a metaphor. And this has soothing properties too. Most of the males present will be plebeians from a tyrannical uxorocracy[3] and the re-establishment of female authority makes them feel secure. Sort of the great Earth-Mother in a new attractive form.

It is well established that the only sensible way to have the seats in an aircraft is facing backwards. Then if the plane stops suddenly, like hitting the Empire State Building, your back takes up the slack. The only function of the seat belt when you are going backwards is to keep you from yo-yoing in rough weather and throwing your hot chocolate into the next seat. Once you are airborne you can't tell whether you are going backwards or forward or sideways so you might as well sit backwards. The airlines know this, but they haven't done anything about it so far on this continent. Apparently the reason is that pilots who are dead-heading don't like going backwards. This seems to be unnecessary pampering of a minority group. But I guess they have a strong union.

Whenever I go on an air trip I swear I'm not going to subscribe to this seat belt nonsense, but when the hostess comes along and sticks her teeth out at me in her characteristic grimace I buckle down. The truth is I'm scared to death of hostesses. Even scareder than I am of flying.

Mervyn J. Huston

[2] bodice — tight-fitting vest laced up the front
[3] uxorocracy — wife-dominated society

CREDITS

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